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"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 6W

'The Two Doctors'

by

Robert Holmes

EPISODE ONE

Producer	JOHN NATHAN-TURNER
Director	PETER MOFFATT
Designer	TONY BURROUGH
Script Editor	ERIC SAWARD
Production Associate	SUE ANSTRUTHER
Production Manager	GARY DOWNIE
A.F.M.	ILSA ROWE
Production Assistant	PAT O'LEARY
Production Secretary	SARAH LEE
Costume Designer	JAN WRIGHT
Make-Up Artist	
Visual Effects Designer	STEVE DREWETT
Lighting Director	DON BABBAGE
Technical Co-ordinator	ALAN ARBUTHNOT
Sound Supervisor	KEITH BOWDEN
Video Effects	DAVE CHAPMAN
Music by	PETER HOWELL
Special Sound	DICK MILLS

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"DOCTOR WHO" SERIAL 6W 'The Two Doctors' EPISODE ONE

CAST:

THE DOCTOR (BAKER)
THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON)
PERI
JAMIE
DASTARI
SHOCKEYE O' THE QUAWNCING GRIG
CHESSENE
OSCAR BOTCHERBY
ANITA
SCIENTIST
COMPUTER VOICE
DEAD ANDROGUM
DONA ARANA
VARL
WATCHER

* * * * *

SETS:

Tardis Console Room
Kitchen Area
Computer Room
Dastari's Office
Passage (s)
Infrastructure
Kitchen - Hacienda
Hallway - Hacienda

* * * * *

TELECINE:

Ext. River Bank. Day
Ext. Hacienda and Grounds. Day

* * * * *

MODEL:

Ext. Space Station. Deep Space

* * * * *

"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 6W

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EPISODE ONE

SUPOSE CAM

Opening
Titles:

TELECINE 1:

Ext. Deep Space.
(model shot)

The station hangs
motionless in space.
It is a forest of
cubes, like office
blocks, linked at
top, centre and bottom
by service shafts and
walkways. Yellow light
spears into the blackness
from its many observation
bays and docking ports.

- 1/2 -

ESTABLISH then
TRACK towards
the station.

END TELECINE 1.

- 2 -

1. INT. TARDIS. CONSOLE ROOM.

(JAMIE GAZES AT
THE STATION ON
THE MONITOR.

THE DOCTOR
(TROUGHTON)
JOINS HIM.

THEY EXCHANGE A
GLANCE)

JAMIE: Just a wee laboratory,
eh?

THE DOCTOR: Obviously it's
grown.

JAMIE: It's like twenty
castles in the sky. Are you
sure it's the right place?

THE DOCTOR: Of course I'm sure.

JAMIE: I mean we don't usually
get where you say we're going.

THE DOCTOR: I got Victoria to
where she wanted to go. Although
why she wants to learn graphology,
I've no idea.

JAMIE: Aye, but will we ever
get back to her?

THE DOCTOR: Well of course we
shall.

-1/4 -

JAMIE: That I'll believe when it happens.

THE DOCTOR: At the moment you have other things to concern you. Look at that.

(HE POINTS AT A
PERSPEX DOME ON
THE CONSOLE)

JAMIE: I've not seen that before.

THE DOCTOR: It's not been there before. It's a teleport control. You'd think I'd never flown a Tardis solo!

JAMIE: What's it for?

THE DOCTOR: It gives the Time Lords dual control. Infernal cheek! I shall complain when this is over.

(HE MOVES A LEVER)

We'll just dematerialise to avoid their detection beams and slip in quietly.

JAMIE: I thought you said they were friendly?

THE DOCTOR: Friendly? They'll probably be overpoweringly effusive.

JAMIE: Then why -

THE DOCTOR: Jamie, you must understand that some of the most brilliant scientists in the universe have assembled here to work together in pure research. I don't want them to know I've arrived.

JAMIE: Why not?

THE DOCTOR: Think of the commotion. They'd all be scrambling round, wanting my autograph. No, no, I just want a quiet word with old Dastari, the Head of Projects.

(THERE IS A SLIGHT
JERK AS THE TARDIS
MATERIALISES.)

THE DOCTOR SWITCHES
OFF THE COLUMN)

Splendid! We've hit conterminous time again. Follow me.

JAMIE: Aye, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Wait. We'd better take the recall disc.

(HE OPENS THE TELEPORT
CONTROL AND REMOVES A
SMALL BLACK BUTTON
ON A STALK.)

HE PLACES IT THROUGH
HIS BUTTON HOLE)

Now stay with me, Jamie, and don't go wandering off.

JAMIE: Do I ever?

- 1/6 -

THE DOCTOR: It's not unknown.
And let me do the talking. All
you have to do is stand quietly
in the background and admire
my diplomatic skills. Understood?

- 6 -

2. INT. KITCHEN AREA.

(SHOCKEYE HAS BEEN
PREPARING A JOINT
WITH A LARDING
NEEDLE.

NOW HIS PORCINE
EYES ARE FIXED
ON THE TARDIS.

SHOCKEYE IS AN
ANDROGUM - A
MASSIVE HUMANOID
WITH A THICK
RUGOSE HIDE
BLOTCHED WITH
THE WARTY
EXCRESCENCES
COMMON IN
DENIZENS OF
HIGH RADIATION
PLANETS.

THE DOCTOR AND
JAMIE STEP FROM
THE TARDIS)

SHOCKEYE: How dare you transmat
that - that object into my kitchens!

THE DOCTOR: And how dare you have
the impertinence to address me like
that!

(SHOCKEYE SNATCHES
UP A CLEAVER)

SHOCKEYE: I am Shockeye o' the
Quawncing Grig!

THE DOCTOR: I'm not interested in the pedigree of an Androgum. I am a Time Lord.

SHOCKEYE: Oh ... My humblest apologies. I should have realised. But this one with you?

THE DOCTOR: He is from the planet Earth. A human.

SHOCKEYE: Ah - a Tellurian. I have not seen one of these before. Is it a gift for Dastari?

THE DOCTOR: A gift?

SHOCKEYE: Such a soft white skin, whispering of a tender succulence. But Dastari will not appreciate its quality you know. He has no sensual refinement. Let me buy it from you.

THE DOCTOR: My companion is not for sale.

SHOCKEYE: I promise you, lord, no chef in the nine planets would do more to bring out the flavour of the beast.

THE DOCTOR: Just get on with your butchery.

(HE LEADS JAMIE
OUT.

SHOCKEYE STARES
AFTER THEM GREEDILY.

HE WHISPERS)

- 1/9 -

SHOCKEYE: I can taste that
flesh ...

(AND HE SMACKS
HIS CLEAVER
INTO THE JOINT)

- 9 -

3. INT. PASSAGE.

JAMIE: Who was that?

THE DOCTOR: Shockeye o' the
Quawncing Grig. So he said.

JAMIE: Aye, but -

THE DOCTOR: He's an Androgum.
The Androgums are the servitors
here. They do all the Station
maintenance.

JAMIE: A scullion?

THE DOCTOR: With a high opinion
of himself, of course. Chefs
usually have.

(O.S. THE
TARDIS NOISE.

JAMIE CHECKS)

JAMIE: Doctor - the Tardis!

THE DOCTOR: (NODS) The teleport
control. The Time Lords are
really taking these people
seriously.

4. INT. KITCHEN AREA.

(THE STATION
CHATELAINE, CHESSENE,
IS WITH SHOCKEYE.

THEY WATCH THE
TARDIS VANISH)

CHESSENE: Our allies won't care
for that. I'd promised the
Group Marshal he could have
the Time Lord's machine.

SHOCKEYE: Will it make any
difference?

CHESSENE: Not to me. I still have
the Kartz-Reimer module. But it
shows the Gallifreyans are
suspicious so I was right to lay
the plans I did.

(SHE IS AN
ANDROGUM-T.A.

(TECHNOLOGICALLY
AUGMENTED) AND, APART
FROM HER HEAVY
BROW BRIDGE, SHOWS
FEW OF HER RACIAL
CHARACTERISTICS.

SHE IS, IN FACT,
ALMOST HANDSOME)

SHOCKEYE: So now we wait.

CHESSENE: Not for long. Strike
is moving.

- 1/12 -

SHOCKEYE: Already? The calgesic won't have affected them yet.

CHESSENE: It will by the time his forces arrive.

SHOCKEYE: Did they enjoy the meal?

CHESSENE: Dastari said you had surpassed yourself.

SHOCKEYE: Being unable to taste it I worried that it might be over-seasoned.

CHESSENE: Shockeye, their last supper would have added lustre to your reputation - except that they won't live to remember it.

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5. INT. DASTARI'S STUDY.

DASTARI: I remember it very clearly, Doctor - you came to our Inauguration bearing fraternal greetings from Gallifrey.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, that was before I fell from favour. I'm a bit of an exile these days.

DASTARI: I heard something about that. But you still act on Their instructions?

THE DOCTOR: It's the price I pay for my freedom.

DASTARI: Needless to say, we've had no support at all from your people.

THE DOCTOR: Dastari, you can never have expected help from the Time Lords. Their policy is one of strict neutrality.

DASTARI: Nonetheless, there has been widespread disappointment among the other Third Zone governments.

THE DOCTOR: Don't chide me, Dastari. I'm simply a messenger. Officially I'm here quite unofficially.

- 1/14 -

DASTARI: You'll explain that paradox, I know.

THE DOCTOR: I'm a pariah, outlawed from Time Lord society. So they can always deny that they sent me.

DASTARI: And why have they sent you?

THE DOCTOR: They have been monitoring the experiments in time travel of Professors Kartz and Reimer. They want them stopped.

DASTARI: I see. And how do the Time Lords equate that with a policy of complete neutrality.

THE DOCTOR: They don't have to. As I said, I have no official existence so they can always deny sending me.

DASTARI: Typical hypocrisy.

(A BUZZER.

THE OUTER DOOR
SLIDES OPEN.

CHESSENE IS
THERE)

Yes, Chessene?

CHESSENE: (EYEING DOCTOR) I wondered if your guests require refreshments, Professor?

JAMIE: Ah, well -

THE DOCTOR: Thank you but we've already eaten.

- 14 -

- 1/15 -

JAMIE: That was yesterday.

THE DOCTOR: One meal a day is entirely adequate.

DASTARI: You're sure? Thank you, Chessene.

CHESSENE: Very good, Professor.

(THE DOOR CLOSES)

DASTARI: Well, Doctor, what did you make of our chatelaine?

THE DOCTOR: Is she an Androgum?

DASTARI: She was. Now she is an Androgum-T.A. Technologically augmented.

THE DOCTOR: Oh, one of your biological experiments.

DASTARI: I've carried out nine augmentations on Chessene. She's at mega-genius level now. I'm very proud of her.

THE DOCTOR: Proud of her or your own skills?

DASTARI: Perhaps a little of both. But all that Androgum energy is now functioning on a higher plane. She spends days in the data banks simply sucking in knowledge.

THE DOCTOR: She remains an Androgum. You can't change nature.

DASTARI: In Chessene's case I believe I have.

- 15 -

THE DOCTOR: Dangerous ground, Dastari. Give an ape control of its environment and it will fill the world with bananas.

(DASTARI STIFLES
A YAWN)

DASTARI: Really, Doctor! I expected something more progressive from you. Don't you understand the tremendous implication of my work?

THE DOCTOR: That's why I say it's dangerous.

DASTARI: Doctor, our races have become tired and effete. Our seed is thin. We must hand the baton of progress to others. If I can raise the Androgums to a higher plane of consciousness there's no limit to what that boiling energy might achieve.

THE DOCTOR: Dastari, I've no doubt you could augment an insect to a point where it understood nuclear physics. It would still not be a sensible thing to do.

6. INT. COMPUTER ROOM.

(THE WATCHER AT
THE MAIN CONSOLE
IS FIGHTING
DROWSINESS.

HIS BRAIN MONITOR,
SPROUTING FROM
HIS CHAIR LIKE
A LADIES HAIR-DRYER
AND CAPPING HIS
SKULL, DETECTS
THE PATTERN OF
BRAINWAVES SETTLING
INTO SOMNOLENCE.

AFTER A FEW
SECONDS DURING
WHICH THE WATCHER'S
EYES CLOSE AND
HIS BRAIN SCAN
TURNS ON THE SCREEN
INTO A SLOW, REGULAR
PULSE, THE BRAIN
MONITOR SCREAMS
HIM BACK TO
ALERTNESS.

BEHIND HIM
CHESSENE WATCHES
FROM THE SHADOWS.

THE WATCHER TAKES
A PILL. HIS
BRAIN PATTERN
SHARPENS.

AND NOW SOMETHING
SHOWS ON THE MAIN
SCREEN. AN ARROW-
FLIGHT OF SPACE SHIPS,
FIVE OF THEM, IS
FLASHING DOWN TOWARDS
THE STATION.

THE WATCHER PRESSES
A BUTTON)

WATCHER: Identify.

COMPUTER: The approaching craft are Sontaran battle cruisers. Their intention is hostile.

WATCHER: Operate the defence.

(HIS BODY ARCHES
AND HE GIVES A
CHOKED CRY BEFORE
SLUMPING FORWARD,
HIS FACE LIVIDLY
CYANOSED.

CHESSENE REMOVES
HER GAS-INJECTOR
FROM HIS NECK)

COMPUTER: Please complete your last instruction.

CHESSENE: The last instruction is cancelled. Maintain normal surveillance.

COMPUTER: Normal surveillance.

(CHESSENE LOOKS
AT THE SCANNER.

THE ARROW-FLIGHT
IS STILL RACING
ACROSS THE SCREEN,
APPRECIABLY NEARER
NOW)

CHESSENE: Open all docking bays.

(SHE GIVES A
FAINT SMILE AND
SMOOTHES DOWN
HER GOWN BEFORE
GOING PRIMLY
FROM THE ROOM.

THE DUTY WATCHER
FALLS FROM HIS CHAIR)

TELECINE 2:

Ext. River. Day.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER),
is fishing.

PERI, frowning with
boredom, watching.
The Tardis can be
seen in background.

PERI gives a sigh
and tosses a pebble
into the water.

THE DOCTOR: Don't do that!
You'll frighten the fish.

PERI: What fish? I'm
bored, Doctor. We've been
here hours.

THE DOCTOR: I think it was
Rassilon who once said there
are few ways in which a
Time Lord can be more
innocently employed than
in catching fish.

PERI: That's a whopper!

THE DOCTOR: Where? I
don't see it.

PERI: It was Doctor
Johnson who said that
about money.

THE DOCTOR: What's the use
of a good quotation if you
can't change it?

PERI: Anyway, you're not innocently employed in catching fish, are you?

THE DOCTOR: They're just lazy today. Any angler will tell you there are times when nothing will tempt them.

PERI: (DISBELIEF) That so?

THE DOCTOR: The last time I fished this particular stretch I landed four magnificent gumblejack in less than ten minutes.

PERI: Gumblejack?

THE DOCTOR: The finest fish in this galaxy - probably in the universe. Cleaned and skinned and quickly pan-fried in their own juices until they're golden brown. Ambrosia steeped in nectar, Peri. The flavour is unforgettable. Hello! I've got a bite.

PERI: At last.

THE DOCTOR: Steady now. Give him his head ... Where's the creel?

PERI: You're standing on it.

THE DOCTOR: Ah, yes ... My word, he's putting up a fight, this fellow. Get ready with the gaff, Peri.

PERI: I'm not sticking that thing in a poor little fish!

THE DOCTOR: Not so little,
Peri. Not so little at
all. By the feel of it,
this might be a record.

He hauls out a
glittering silver
minnow.

PERI: Wow, Doctor! That
must weigh very nearly an
ounce!

THE DOCTOR: Did you see the
one that got away? That
enormous gumblejack trying
to swallow this little
fellow?

He restores the
minnow to the
water.

END TELECINE 2.

7. INT. DASTARI'S OFFICE.

(DASTARI SMOTHERS
ANOTHER YAWN)

DASTARI: Even if I wanted to, Doctor, I have no authority to order Professors Kartz and Reimer to abandon their work.

THE DOCTOR: Of course you have. You sanction all the experiments on this station.

DASTARI: And what reason would I give? That the Time Lords have expressed concern?

THE DOCTOR: Our monitors have already detected ripples of up to point four on the Bocca Scale. Anything much higher could threaten the whole fabric of time.

DASTARI: They are well aware of the dangers, Doctor. They're responsible scientists.

THE DOCTOR: They're irresponsible meddlers.

DASTARI: Aren't you being a little ingenuous, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: What?

DASTARI: Hasn't it occurred to you that the Time Lords have a vested interest in insuring that others do not discover their secrets?

THE DOCTOR: I'm sure that's not the case.

DASTARI: I gather your own machine is no longer in the station. Isn't that because you didn't want Kartz and Reimer to get a look at it?

THE DOCTOR: Look, I've a suggestion. Stop these experiments for the time being while my people study their work. If Kartz and Reimer are really on safe lines I'm sure they'll be allowed to continue.

DASTARI: Allowed to continue?

THE DOCTOR: I mean there would be no further objection.

DASTARI: In the first place I have no authority to ask Kartz and Reimer to submit their work for analysis. And in the second place, the Time Lords have no right to make such a grossly unethical demand. I've never heard such unmitigated arrogance!

THE DOCTOR: And I've
never heard such specious
claptrap! Don't prate
to me about ethics!
The balance of the
space-time continuum
could be destroyed by
your ham-fisted
numskulls!

(DASTARI SINKS
BACK WEARILY)

DASTARI: I don't feel
there is anything to be
gained by prolonging
this discussion, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Dastari, you
have more letters after
your name than anyone I
know - enough for two
alphabets. How is it
you can be such a
purblind, stubborn,
irrational - and
thoroughly objectionable -
old idiot?

(SWINGING ROUND
IN HIS BURST OF
RAGE, THE DOCTOR
SEES JAMIE
SMILING)

And what are you simpering
about, you hyperborean
ninny?

JAMIE: I was just
admiring your diplomatic
skills, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Pah! (cont ...)

(SWINGING BACK, HE
SEES THAT DASTARI
IS NOW SLUMPED OVER
HIS DESK)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Dastari!

JAMIE: He's got his heed
doon, Doctor, and I canna
say I blame him.

THE DOCTOR: I'll thank you
not to speak in that
appalling mongrel dialect,
my boy.

(HE SHAKES
DASTARI'S SHOULDER)

JAMIE: I mean he's gone
to sleep.

THE DOCTOR: He's nae
asleep - not asleep.
(STUDIES DASTARI) He's
drugged!

JAMIE: He's what?

THE DOCTOR: Listen!

(DISTANTLY, BURSTS
OF GUNFIRE, SCREAMS
OF PANIC, INCOHERENT
CRIES)

JAMIE: What's that?

THE DOCTOR: (GLOOMY
RESIGNATION) I'd have
thought a Jacobite would
recognise that sound,
Jamie. The thunder of
the captains and the
shouting ...

(HE GOES TOWARDS
THE DOOR. AS HE
DOES SO IT OPENS
AND A PANICKING
SCIENTIST BURSTS
IN)

SCIENTIST: Professor -

(A BLAST FROM
THE CORRIDOR
CUTS HIM DOWN.

THE DOCTOR
STOOPS OVER
HIS BODY, THEN
LOOKS THROUGH
THE DOOR.

ON HIS FACE
IN C.U.)

THE DOCTOR: Run, Jamie?

JAMIE: Doctor -

THE DOCTOR: Run, I say!
Save yourself!

(JAMIE EXITS BY
THE INNER DOOR.

THE DOCTOR'S GAZE
PANS UPWARDS AS
HE WATCHES HIS
APPROACHING
NEMESIS. HE COMES
SLOWLY TO HIS
FEET.

A BIFURCATED HAND
PUSHES A GUN
THROUGH THE DOOR-
WAY, POINTING AT
THE DOCTOR'S
CHEST.

HE RAISES HIS
ARMS IN SURRENDER)

8. INT. TARDIS. CONSOLE ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR (BAKER),
PACKING HIS FISHING
TACKLE)

THE DOCTOR: We'll try our
luck in the Great Lakes of
Pandatorea.

PERI: Must we?

THE DOCTOR: You've never
seen such fish. As for
the Pandatorean conger -
it's longer than your
railway trains.

PERI: I don't think I
wish to know. What's all
this fishing stuff, anyway?

THE DOCTOR: It's restful.
Relaxing. I think I've
been overdoing things. I
haven't felt at all myself
lately.

PERI: I don't know which
is yourself.

THE DOCTOR: Exactly. This
regeneration doesn't seem
to be one hundred per cent
yet.

(HE STUMBLES)

PERI: Doctor! (cont ...)

- 1/28 -

(THE DOCTOR
CLUTCHES AT
HIS THROAT)

PERI: (cont) Doctor,
what's wrong?

(HE FALLS, CHOKING,
HIS FACE CONTORTED)

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9. INT. COMPUTER ROOM.

(C.U. OF THE DOCTOR,
(TROUGHTON) SCREAMING
IN AGONY, HIS
CONTORTED FEATURES
ETCHED IN BLUE FIRE.

WE IMAGINE THE
SCREAM BECAUSE
THE DOCTOR IS
IMPRISONED IN A
TRANSPARENT CYLINDER
FROM WHICH NO SOUND
EMERGES.

AS THE CAMERA PULLS
BACK WE SEE HIS
WHOLE BODY SHUDDERING
UNDER THE IMPACT OF
THE VIOLENT BLUE
LIGHTNING.

THE MOVE BACK
BRINGS INTO FG.

THE BIFIGURATED HAND
WE SAW IN SCENE
SEVEN.

IT SLOWLY MOVES A
LEVER THROUGH A
QUADRANT AND
THE DOCTOR'S TORTURE
INCREASES IN INTENSITY)

10. INT. PASSAGE.

(JAMIE, TIP-TOED
ON A CONDUIT, IS
STARING HELPLESSLY
THROUGH A GRILLE
INTO THE COMPUTER
ROOM)

JAMIE: Doctor ...

(SHOCKEYE STEPS FROM
AN INTERSECTION AND
SEES JAMIE.

HE PUTS DOWN THE
HAMPER HE IS
CARRYING AND
APPROACHES STEALTHILY.

JAMIE SOMEHOW
SCENTS THE DANGER.

HE JUMPS DOWN FROM
THE CONDUIT AND
GRABS HIS SKEIN DHU,
BACKING AWAY AS
SHOCKEYE COMES ON)

SHOCKEYE: Whoa, there ...
steady now ...

(JAMIE WEAVES, CIRCLING)

Quiet, boy ... Easy. Shockeye
won't hurt you. (cont ...)

(SHOCKEYE MAKES A
GRAB.

JAMIE SLASHES AT
THE ARM.

SHOCKEYE JUMPS BACK)

SHOCKEYE: (cont) Oh, we are
wild, aren't we?

(CHESSENE COMES INTO
THE PASSAGE BEHIND
HIM)

CHESSENE: Shockeye, why aren't
you on the ship?

SHOCKEYE: I was just collecting
some provisions, madam.

CHESSENE: The ship is fully
stocked.

(SHOCKEYE INDICATES
THE HAMPER)

SHOCKEYE: But the standard
rations are so boring. These
are a few special things for
the journey. A cold collation
I prepared ... (cont ...)

(JAMIE HAS BEEN
EDGING AWAY.

NOW HE SEIZES HIS
CHANCE AND RUNS.

SHOCKEYE STARES
AFTER HIM REGRETFULLY)

SHOCKEYE: (cont) The Tellurian's escaped.

CHESSENE: Stike will leave nothing alive here.

SHOCKEYE: But such a waste, madam.

CHESSENE: Take the hamper. We must go.

SHOCKEYE: Have you decided on our destination?

CHESSENE: It's unimportant.

SHOCKEYE: Earth?

CHESSENE: If you wish. But why Earth?

(SHOCKEYE GLANCES AFTER
THE VANISHED JAMIE)

SHOCKEYE: I have a desire to taste one of these human beasts, madam. The meat looks so white and roundsomely layered on the bone - a sure sign of a tasty animal.

CHESSENE: You think of nothing but your stomach, Shockeye.

SHOCKEYE: The gratification of pleasure is the sole motive of action. Is that not our law?

CHESSENE: I still accept it.
But there are pleasures other
than the purely sensual.

SHOCKEYE: For you, perhaps.
Fortunately, I have not been
augmented.

CHESSENE: (GLARES) Take care!
Your purity could easily become
insufferable.

SHOCKEYE: These days you no
longer use your karm name, do
you - Chessene o' the Franzine
Grig?

CHESSENE: Do you think that for
one moment I forget that I bear
the sacred blood o' the Franzine
Grig? But that noble history
lies behind me while ahead -
ahead lies a vision.

(SHOCKEYE LOOKS AT
HER AND DECIDES NOT
TO ARGUE.

HE PICKS UP THE
HAMPER)

11. INT. TARDIS. CONSOLE ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR (BAKER)
COMING ROUND.)

PERI IS BENT OVER
HIM ANXIOUSLY)

PERI: Doctor - are you all right?

THE DOCTOR: Of course I'm not
all right! What happened?

PERI: I think you fainted.

THE DOCTOR: I never faint. No,
I remember now - I felt a weakness...

(PERI HELPS HIM
UP. HE SWAYS)

I felt a weakness and then I - I
was in another place ...

PERI: Can I get you anything?
You ought to carry your celery.

THE DOCTOR: Celery, yes! And
the tensile strength of jelly
babies. But I had a clarinet.
Or was it a flute? It was
something I blew into.

PERI: A glass of water?

-1/35 -

THE DOCTOR: Water? I don't think so.
No, it was a recorder! (SUDDEN THOUGHT)
That's what it was. Some kind of mind-
lock.

PERI: Doctor, you're not making sense.

THE DOCTOR: I'm making perfect sense.
I was being put to death.

PERI: I think you should sit down.

THE DOCTOR: Sit down? The Sontarans
are executing me! Except ... it wasn't
that way. It didn't end like that. So
it's not possible.

PERI: What isn't possible?

THE DOCTOR: I exist. I am here.
Now. Therefore I cannot have been
killed. That is irrefutable logic,
isn't it?

PERI: Don't worry about it.

THE DOCTOR: But the there and
then subsumes the here and now,
doesn't it? So if I was killed
then I must only exist now as a
temporal tautology. That also
is irrefutable.

PERI: Circular logic will only
make you dizzy, Doctor.

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THE DOCTOR: The most likely explanation, of course, is that I've not synchronised properly yet ... some kind of time-slip in the subconscious.

PERI: Perhaps you should see a doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Are you trying to be funny?

PERI: It was just a suggestion.

THE DOCTOR: No, come to think of it, that's not a bad idea.

(HE PULLS OUT
A LONG SNAKE
OF ABOUT A
HUNDRED VISITING
CARDS AND RIFLES
THROUGH THEM)

Archimedes ... fascinating chap ...
Isambard Brunel ... Columbus ... Dante,
Da Vinci ... Ah! Dastari! Joinson
Dastari, Head of Projects, Space
Station Camera, Third Zone. That's
him!

PERI: Who?

THE DOCTOR: Dastari. The pioneer
of genetic engineering.

(HE STARTS SETTING
THE CONTROLS)

It'll be worth the trip, anyway.
(cont ...)

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THE DOCTOR: (cont) Dastari's people are doing some fascinating work on rho mesons as the unstable factor in pin galaxies.

PERI: I can hardly wait. What are pin galaxies?

THE DOCTOR: Oh, they're galaxies within the universe of the atom. Difficult to study because they only exist for about one atto-second.

PERI: I've no idea what that means, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: It means you have to be quick. An atto-second is a quintillionth of a second. Here we go.

(HE PRESSES A
CONTROL AND THE
COLUMN STARTS TO
OSCILLATE.

PERI HOLDS THE
CONSOLE)

You know, that was a good idea of mine, wasn't it?

PERI: What?

THE DOCTOR: Getting some medical help.

(PERI LOOKS AT HIM)

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12. INT. PASSAGE.

(SEMI-DARK.

VERY SILENT.

JUST THE ODD
WHEEZE FROM THE
HYDRAULICS OR THE
DISTANT METALLIC
PING OF SPACE
DEBRIS STRIKING
THE HULL.

CAMERA TRACKS THROUGH
THE GHOSTLY STILLNESS
NOTING THE OCCASIONAL
LASER BURN ON THE
METAL BULKHEADS AND,
ONCE, A BLOOD-SMEARED
LAB JACKET ON THE
FLOOR)

13. INT. KITCHEN AREA.

(TRACK IN.

AGAIN SEMI-DARK
AND ABANDONED.

SHOCKEYE'S UTENSILS
STILL ON THE WORK
SURFACES.

AND NOW, FAINTLY,
AN EERIE SOBBING
CAN BE HEARD.

A LOST SOUL IN
TORMENT.

WE PAN TO AN AIR-DUCT
AND THE CHOKED,
BITTER CRYING ECHOES
LOUDER UP THE SHAFT)

TELECINE 3:

Ext. Deep Space.
(Model Shot)

The Space Station as
established in
Telecine One.

Only now no light
spills from its
bays and portholes.

It hangs in space,
deserted and lifeless.

END TELECINE 3.

14. INT. TARDIS. CONSOLE ROOM.

(PERI AND THE DOCTOR
STUDY THE SPACE
STATION ON THEIR
SCANNER)

PERI: Is that it?

THE DOCTOR: Strange. Perhaps
they've had a power cut. Either
that or the Androgums are on
strike.

PERI: What are Androgums?

THE DOCTOR: They were the original
inhabitants in this part of the
galaxy. You might compare them
with Australopithecus. Third
Zoners use them to do most of
the manual work.

PERI: That seems hard on the
poor Androgums.

THE DOCTOR: They've had a million
years to get used to it. You
know, Peri, I have a feeling ...

PERI: That something's wrong?
So do I.

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THE DOCTOR: It looks almost
derelict. Oh, well. Let's
go in.

(HE TOUCHES THE
CONTROL PANEL)

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15. INT. KITCHEN AREA.

(THE TARDIS MATERIALISES
IN THE SAME SPOT AS
SCENE 2.

THE DOCTOR AND PERI
EMERGE.

PERI CHOKES, CLASPS
HER MOUTH)

PERI: Oh, Doctor, it's foul!
Are you sure it's safe?

THE DOCTOR: Plenty of oxygen.

PERI: But that awful smell!

THE DOCTOR: (LOOKING ROUND)
Mainly decaying food ... and
corpses.

PERI: Corpses?

THE DOCTOR: That is the smell of
death, Peri. Ancient musk heavy
in the air. Fruit-soft flesh
peeling from white bones. The
unholy unburiable smell of Verdun
and Passchendaele and Armageddon.
There's nothing quite so evocative
as one's sense of smell, is there?

PERI: I feel sick.

THE DOCTOR: I think you'll feel
sicker before we're finished here.

(HE MOVES OUT INTO A
PASSAGE. PERI
FOLLOWS RELUCTANTLY)

16. INT. PASSAGE.

(THE DOCTOR ADVANCES,
STUDYING HIS
SURROUNDINGS KEENLY)

THE DOCTOR: Laser-bolt there,
d'you see? And there again.
There was obviously quite a
fight.

PERI: Look!

(SHE POINTS TO THE
DISCARDED JACKET
OF SCENE 12.

THE DOCTOR STOOPS
AND EXAMINES IT)

THE DOCTOR: It must have happened
fairly recently, too, or the air
would have cleared.

PERI: Do you think we should
go any further?

THE DOCTOR: What?

PERI: Well, if there's nobody
left alive ... I mean there's
nothing we can do now, is there?

THE DOCTOR: I must find out
what happened. Go back to the
Tardis if you like.

PERI: No, I'll stay with you.

(THE DOCTOR AND PERI
MOVE ON, CAREFUL IN
THE HALF-DARKNESS)

THE DOCTOR: When we first saw
this station I thought of comet-
strike or some such natural
disaster. But it's been
deliberately destroyed! What
kind of monsters could have
wanted to stop the brilliant
work that was being done here?
Pure research for its own sake.
It threatened no-one.

COMPUTER: It threatened the
Time Lords!

(THEY STOP AND STARE
ROUND.

THEN THE DOCTOR
POINTS TO A SIEVE-LIKE
APERTURE IN THE WALL)

THE DOCTOR: Would you care to
repeat that?

COMPUTER: It threatened the
Time Lords.

THE DOCTOR: And what put that
idea into your apology for a
brain?

COMPUTER: Return to your ship
and leave.

THE DOCTOR: Certainly not.

COMPUTER: Then this station
will switch to defence alert.

THE DOCTOR: I will not be threatened by a computer! And put some lights on!

(SILENCE)

PERI: How do you know it's a computer?

THE DOCTOR: Great heavens, girl, I know a computer when I talk to one. Come on.

PERI: What did it mean - defence alert?

THE DOCTOR: Oh, the usual rubbish, I suppose - floor trips, electronic sensors, death rays, jets of nerve gas - nothing to worry about.

PERI: Oh, good. I was afraid it might mean something serious.

THE DOCTOR: Just as long as we keep our wits about us -

PERI: What's that noise?

(THEY LISTEN.

A HISS OF AIR)

THE DOCTOR: It's depressurising this section. We'd better get out.

(HE PRESSES A ON A
DOOR BUTTON.
NOTHING HAPPENS)

No power, of course.

PERI: It's getting colder.

THE DOCTOR: Well, it will. But we'll die from lack of air before we freeze to death.

(HE TRIES ANOTHER DOOR.

PERI IS ALREADY HAVING TROUBLE BREATHING)

PERI: How long ...?

THE DOCTOR: Not many minutes. We've got to get out of this passage ... Ah! I thought there'd be one.

(HIS SEARCH AROUND THE DOOR HAS REVEALED A SMALL FLUSH PANEL.

HE OPENS IT AND TAKES OUT A WINDING HANDLE LIKE THAT OF A CAR JACK. HE SLOTS IT INTO POSITION AND WINDS IT ROUND)

PERI: Clever. But nothing's happening.

(SHE SLUMPS TIREDLY BACK AGAINST THE WALL.

THE DOCTOR IS HAVING TROUBLE STAYING ON HIS FEET. HE SWAYS DRUNKENLY AND HIS PUMPING OF THE HANDLE BECOMES SLOWER)

THE DOCTOR: Have to ... build ...
hydraulic pressure ...

(PERI COLLAPSES,
SLIDING DOWN THE
WALL TO A HEAP ON
THE FLOOR.

THE DOCTOR SCARCELY
SPARES HER A GLANCE.
HE PUMPS ON DOGGEDLY.

SUDDENLY THE DOOR
STARTS TO SLIDE
OPEN. THERE IS A
WHOOSH OF AIR AS
THE PASSAGE RE-PRESSURISES.

THE DOCTOR STOOPS AND
DRAGS PERI THROUGH
THE DOOR)

TELECINE 4:

Ext. Hacienda. Day.

An old olive plantation,
unkempt and overgrown.

The house is large and
must once have been
imposing. Now it looks
lifeless. The stucco
is peeling and the
rotting window shutters
sag on broken hinges.

CHESSENE, SHOCKEYE and
VARL, a Sontaran, come
into the unweeded
courtyard and stand
looking at the house.

CHESSENE: Excellent.

VARL: A silicon dioxide structure.
Unsuitable for defence.

CHESSENE: I detect only one
occupant. A female.

SHOCKEYE: Don't use the gas-
injector, madam. They give the
flesh an acrid taste. I'll
slaughter it myself.

CHESSENE: It might not be
edible, Shockeye. I detect
great age. Come.

They move towards
the house.

END TELECINE 4.

17. INT. DASTARI'S STUDY.

(THE DOCTOR IS
REVIVING PERI)

THE DOCTOR: Feeling better?

PERI: Thanks ... Where are we?

THE DOCTOR: Dastari's office.

PERI: How do you know?

(THE DOCTOR POINTS
TO THE OLD, BATTERED
DESK)

THE DOCTOR: He liked old, familiar things around him. He worked out the famous Theory of Parallel Matter at that desk. And using pen and ink. He detested computers.

PERI: You speak as though you're sure he's dead.

THE DOCTOR: (SOMBERELY) They're all dead, Peri. Forty of the finest scientific minds ever assembled in one place. I find the barbarity of such a deed scarcely conceivable:

PERI: Were they a threat to the Time Lords?

THE DOCTOR: Absolute rubbish. This institute was never a threat to anybody. Its only purpose was to add to the sum total of knowledge.

PERI: Then why did the computer -

THE DOCTOR: I don't know yet!
Programmed to say that, presumably.

(THE ROOM LIGHTENS
AS THOUGH A RHEOSTAT
HAS BEEN TURNED)

PERI: What's that for?

THE DOCTOR: Switching to visual.
It must have lost track of us.

PERI: I don't see any lenses.

THE DOCTOR: There'll be an electronic
eye somewhere. Do you notice the
floor?

PERI: What about it?

THE DOCTOR: Cork insulation and a
carpet.

PERI: So your friend liked to be
comfortable even in space.

THE DOCTOR: That computer has been
tracking us by the heat of our feet.
In here it couldn't detect us.

PERI: You mean it got worried and
turned the lights on?

THE DOCTOR: Something like that.
I wonder what it'll try next?

PERI: You don't think it might just
leave us alone?

THE DOCTOR: Most unlikely. Think of it as a game between it and us.

PERI: Doctor, I enjoy games. Tennis, hockey, lacrosse ... Games where I'm not expecting to end up dead! Are you listening?

THE DOCTOR: Yes. My word, they were doing some incredible work here. This is Dastari's day-journal.

PERI: You've told me all I want to know about pin galaxies.

THE DOCTOR: Some people called Kartz and Reimer were having some success, it appears, with ... with experiments in time control.

PERI: Well, you can already do that.

THE DOCTOR: We can, yes. But I didn't think the Third Zoners were that close to the breakthrough.

(C.U. HIS FACE)

PERI: (V.O.) Something wrong?

THE DOCTOR: This last entry. It reads, 'The Time Lords are demanding that Kartz and Reimer suspend their work, alleging their experiments are imperilling the continuum. No proof was offered to support this charge so I rejected the demand. Colleagues fear they may forcibly intervene. All agreed that we must stand firm and refuse to be intimidated.'

PERI: So it was the Time Lords.

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THE DOCTOR: It's not possible! No matter how dangerous the experiments were they'd have found some other way of halting them. Not this massacre.

PERI: Maybe they couldn't find another way.

THE DOCTOR: No, it's unbelievable that they could commit an atrocity like this! The use of force is alien to Time Lord nature.

PERI: Perhaps they felt the ends justified the means. Isn't that always the excuse for something really bad?

(THE DOCTOR PACES
IN DISTRESS)

THE DOCTOR: I won't believe it! There must be some other explanation.

PERI: Maybe someone's setting the Time Lords up.

(THE DOCTOR STARES
AT HER)

THE DOCTOR: Setting up?

(REALISES WHAT SHE
MEANS)

Oh, yes ... of course. (HE THEN SMILES)
Sometimes you make surprisingly shrewd remarks, Peri. Yes, it could be a crude attempt to drive a wedge between Gallifrey and the Third Zone governments.

PERI: Who'd benefit from that?

THE DOCTOR: I don't know yet. But I intend to find out.

PERI: If we get out of here alive.

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THE DOCTOR: Ah, yes, I was forgetting for the moment. We still have to deal with this homicidal computer.

PERI: It's getting awfully hot and stuffy in here.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, I wondered when you'd notice that. Having failed to freeze us it's trying to bake us. It seems to be a machine with a distinctly limited repertoire.

PERI: Who needs anything fancy? Doctor, we've got to get out of here!

THE DOCTOR: We have to do more than that. We have to get to the central control area and turn the thing off.

PERI: And how do we do that without getting zapped on the way?

THE DOCTOR: We need to start by finding a way down into the infrastructure. Then we can work our way across. It'll be a bit cramped, no doubt, but much safer than staying in these walkways.

(HE IS RUMMAGING
THROUGH THE DRAWERS
OF THE DESK AS HE
TALKS)

Not so much as an old paper clip!
You'd think a man like Dastari would keep a few useful odds and ends ...

(PERI WIPES HER FACE)

PERI: Doctor, it's absolutely stifling now!

THE DOCTOR: Yes, getting uncomfortable ...

(HE STUDIES THE
INNER DOOR THOUGHT-
FULLY. HE REMOVES
THE PLATE OVER THE
LOCKING MECHANISM
AND PEERS INTO THE
WORKS)

As I thought, I could trip this with
a bit of wire.

PERI: What are you trying to do?

THE DOCTOR: Save us from death by
dehydration. The computer's been
forced to turn the power on again
but it hasn't energised the door
mechanisms. There must be something
I can use ...

(HE STARES ROUND
THE ROOM.

SUDDENLY NOTICES THE
GLEAMING MOBILE
SCULPTURE ON DASTARI'S
DESK)

Ah! (cont ...)

(HE BREAKS THE MOBILE
UP. IT GIVES HIM
SEVERAL LENGTHS OF
WIRE. HE STRAIGHTENS
ONE AND GOES BACK TO
THE DOOR. HE TINKERS
ABOUT INSIDE THE
LOCKING MECHANISM.

SUDDENLY THERE IS A
BANG AND A FLASH AND
A PUFF OF SMOKE INSIDE
THE DOOR PANEL.

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THE DOCTOR JUMPS
BACK, SUCKING HIS
FINGERS.

HE PUSHES THE
DOOR AND IT
SLIDES OPEN)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Voila! I knew
that sort of art had to have some
purpose. Are you all right?

(PERI NODS)

Come on. We've a lot to do.

18. INT. KITCHEN AREA.

(THE DOCTOR CROSSES
TO THE AIR DUCT
ESTABLISHED IN
SCENE 13)

THE DOCTOR: This looks big enough
to get down.

(HE PICKS UP ONE
OF THE KITCHEN
TOOLS AND BEGINS
PRISING THE MESH
OFF THE AIR DUCT.

PERI LOOKS LONGINGLY
AT THE TARDIS)

PERI: Can't we just take off?

THE DOCTOR: Not until we know the
full story of what happened here.

(PERI SEES A BODY
PARTLY UNDER A
BENCH. SHE GIVES
A LITTLE GASP)

PERI: Doctor, look!

(THE DOCTOR GLANCES
OVER BRIEFLY)

THE DOCTOR: We haven't time to
bother about dead Androgums, Peri.

PERI: How do you know he's an
Androgum?

THE DOCTOR: Brow ridge.

(HE GETS THE MESH
OFF AND PEERS IN)

Shouldn't be too far down. You
first, Peri.

(HE HELPS HER INTO
THE DUCT)

Keep your arms over your head
and just slide.

PERI: What happens if I get stuck?

THE DOCTOR: I shouldn't do that.
I'm coming behind you.

(PERI GIVES HIM A
SOUR LOOK AND
DISAPPEARS.

THE DOCTOR CLIMBS
INTO THE DUCT. HE
HANGS FOR A MOMENT
AND THEN SLIPS FROM
VIEW)

19. INT. INFRASTRUCTURE.

(A DARK FOREST OF
METAL STRUTTING.
PIPES AND CONDUITS
SNAKE IN ALL
DIRECTIONS.

THE DOCTOR RUBS
HIS KNEES RUEFULLY)

THE DOCTOR: That was a bit further
than I expected.

PERI: Coming down's all right.
How do we ever get up again?

THE DOCTOR: There'll be service
hatches.

(HE GETS TO HIS
FEET AND BANGS
HIS HEAD)

PERI: You said it would be cramped.

THE DOCTOR: Thanks for reminding
me. This way, I think.

PERI: How can you tell?

THE DOCTOR: Well, apart from
possessing an unerring sense of
direction, I notice all the service
ducts run this way. And they must
feed the central control room.
Follow me. (cont ...)

(ANOTHER PART OF
THE INFRASTRUCTURE.

THE DOCTOR AND PERI
CAN BE HEARD
CLAMBERING ACROSS
THE GIRDERS)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) (V.O.) All
right, Peri?

PERI: (V.O.) Oh, sure! I can't
remember when I last had so much
fun.

(SOMETHING MOVES. A
BLACK SHAPE CROUCHING
BACK AS THE DOCTOR
AND PERI DRAW NEARER.

THERE IS A LOW,
FERAL GROWL FROM
THE DARKNESS.

THEN THE THING,
WHATEVER IT IS,
MELTS AWAY)

20. INT. HACIENDA.

(THE DONA ARANA
IS A VERY OLD LADY,
OLD AND FRAIL, IN
AN ANCIENT BLACK
MANTILLA.

SHE IS KNEELING AT
A SHRINE IN THE
BACK OF THE HOUSE.
SHE FINISHES HER
DEVOTIONS AND PLACES
A SINGLE ROSE ON
THE PLINTH AT THE
FEET OF THE VIRGIN.

SHE RISES AND COMES
BACK THROUGH THE
HOUSE, OCCASIONALLY
FEELING FOR A STEP
WITH HER STICK. WE
REALISE THAT SHE
IS BLIND.

SHE POKES HER STICK
FORWARD AGAIN AND
ENCOUNTERS SHOCKEY'S
LEGS. SHE STOPS,
SURPRISED BY THIS
OBSTACLE. SHE
MOVES FORWARD CAREFULLY
AND PUTS OUT A HAND)

DONA ARANA: (IN SPANISH) What is
that?

SHOCKEY: It can't see.

(THE DONA TOUCHES
SHOCKEY'S CHEST)

DONA ARANA: You are English? Who
is there?

(SHOCKEYE SNAPS HER
NECK WITH ONE
QUICK MOVEMENT)

SHOCKEYE: The creature's bones are
dry and brittle.

(CHESSENE COMES
FORWARD AND LOOKS
AT THE BODY)

CHESSENE: I sensed it was very old.
But its mind will be of use. Bring
it through.

(SHE WALKS OFF.
SHOCKEYE LOOKS
AT THE SONTARAN)

SHOCKEYE: You carry it, Varl.

VARL: I don't take orders from
civilians.

(HE FOLLOWS CHESSENE.

SHOCKEYE SCOWLS
AFTER HIM. THEN
HE BENDS TO PICK
UP THE BODY)

21. INT. INFRASTRUCTURE.

(THE DOCTOR DRAGS
HIMSELF UP ON ONE
OF THE CROSS STRUTS)

THE DOCTOR: Here, give me your
hand.

(HE HELPS PERI
UP BESIDE HIM)

PERI: It would be easier if we
could see.

THE DOCTOR: Can't be much further.

PERI: Just far enough to lose the
skin off another leg. What is all
this stuff, anyway?

THE DOCTOR: Fluidic streams.
Interesting application of an old
idea. I think I detect Dastari's
hand in the design.

(WITH THE KITCHEN
KNIFE HE STRIPS
THE LAGGING BACK
FROM ONE OF THE
CONDUITS TO REVEAL
AN INNER CORE OF
NARROW TUBES)

There you are, look.

(HE SLICES INTO
ONE OF THE TUBES.
A RED LIQUID OOZES
OUT)

PERI: Should you have done that?

THE DOCTOR: They're self-sealing. This fluid carries a signal just as the signal in electronic circuits is carried by the flow of electrons. But the advantage of a fluidic device is that -

PERI: Doctor!

THE DOCTOR: - cold, heat, radiation, vibration, etcetera, don't disturb it in the way that might an electrical device. What is it?

PERI: I thought I heard something. I was trying to listen but you went on talking!

THE DOCTOR: I was imparting a little knowledge. When you ask a question you should pay attention to the answer, my girl. Otherwise you'll gain absolutely no benefit from being in my company.

PERI: No benefit? Doctor, I can't tell you how I appreciate being frozen, asphyxiated, half-cooked and then forced to crawl through miles of pipes.

THE DOCTOR: Well, that's good. Because we have about another mile to go. Come on.

PERI: Listen!

THE DOCTOR: What?

PERI: I heard it again. Doctor, there's something down here with us.

THE DOCTOR: That's impossible.
You're imagining it.

PERI: I tell you I'm certain I
heard something.

THE DOCTOR: Hydraulics.

PERI: What?

THE DOCTOR: Some of these pumping
systems are showing their age.
You can expect the odd wheeze.
Come on.

(PERI SHRUGS AT HIS
OBDURACY AND FOLLOWS.
BUT THEY ONLY MOVE
A YARD OR SO WHEN
THERE IS A LOW,
VICIOUS SNARL FROM THE
DARKNESS AHEAD.

THEY STOP.

PERI STANDS VERY
CLOSE TO THE DOCTOR)

PERI: That is the fiercest pump
I ever heard.

THE DOCTOR: There's something down
here with us, Peri.

PERI: What are we going to do?

THE DOCTOR: We're going on. I think
it's more frightened of us that we are
of it.

PERI: Oh, really? In that case it
must be a quaking heap.

THE DOCTOR: Anyway, nothing very big could survive down here. There can't be much to eat in the effluent channels.

PERI: But where's it come from? We're millions of miles out in space.

THE DOCTOR: Oh, that's easily explained. If they were working on animal genetics some small creature might well have escaped and found its way down here.

(AS THEY MOVE ON)

PERI: How small, Doctor? I mean really small, like a hedgehog?

(ON AN EYE, GLINTING
IN THE DARKNESS,
WATCHING THEM THROUGH
A CHINK IN SOME
METAL STRUCTURE)

22. INT. HALLWAY.

(CHESSENE ENTERS
AND LOOKS AT
SHOCKEYE.
WHO IS SPRAWLED
IN A CHAIR)

CHESSENE: Where is Varl?

SHOCKEYE: He is setting up a
homing beacon for the Sontaran
ship.

CHESSENE: We must tell Stike to
make a discreet landing. This
planet is greatly over-populated.

SHOCKEYE: By the time I leave it,
madam, that may not be a problem.
Did you learn much from the dead
mind?

CHESSENE: No, it was a puny
thing. This region of the planet is
called Andalucia. We are four
kilometres from the city of
Seville.

SHOCKEYE: And is the eating
there?

CHESSENE: The Dona Arana had
little interest in food. Her mind
was full of her religion.

SHOCKEYE: Religion? I am not
interested in belief of primitives.
Only in what they taste like.

CHESSENE: In some ways, Shockeye o' the Quawncing Grig, you are a complete primitive yourself.

SHOCKEYE: You say that, Chessene, only because of the foreign, alien filth Dastari injected into you. But come what may, you are an Androgum. Never lose sight of your horizons.

(THEY GLARE AT
EACH OTHER FOR A
MOMENT.

THEN CHESSENE
NODS)

CHESSENE: It is true. We are a race apart. Our differences lie in the blood and the bone. But we cannot continue with the old ways, Shockeye. We have new ways now of ... digesting our enemies.

23. INT. INFRASTRUCTURE.

(THE DOCTOR AND PERI
COME TO A COLUMN
OF TUBING.)

THE DOCTOR LOOKS
AT IT WITH SATISFACTION)

THE DOCTOR: Here we are. We
must be under the control centre
now.

(HE STARTS TO UNFASTEN
THE UNION NUTS ON SOME
OF THE TUBES)

PERI: I just hope you know what
you're doing.

THE DOCTOR: If I didn't I wouldn't
be doing it! Do have a little
faith.

PERI: It just looks very
complicated.

THE DOCTOR: Not at all. These
Type 49 systems are always
coloured-coded. Defence mechanisms
are red. Power supplies yellow
and so on ...

(HE IS LOST NOW IN THE
COLUMN OF TUBES)

All we have to do is disarm the
computer and then, hopefully,
we'll get some civil answers from
the thing.

PERI: There's a ladder over here.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, I saw it. Leads to the control centre ... Blue? You know, I can't remember what blue stands for. Oh, well ...

(HEGOES ON WORKING
BUSILY.

PERI CRANES TO
SEE HIM)

PERI: Can I help?

THE DOCTOR: No, no, this is a job for the expert. You often find they booby-trapped these computers to prevent tampering. The Berberese Noose was a favourite.

PERI: What's that?

THE DOCTOR: The Berberese Noose? Very nasty. It leaves you without a head. I wish I could remember what these blue lines serve ...

TELECINE 5:

Ext. Hacienda. Day.

VARL stands in the
courtyard searching
the sky with the
Sontaran version of
field glasses.

His P.O.V.: a distant
point of light
tracering across the
sky.

VARL lowers the glasses
and returns to the house.

END TELECINE 5.

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24. INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

(SHOCKEYE IS MOOCHING
AROUND EXAMINING
THINGS.

HE GRINDS OUT SOME
PEPPER AND SNIFFS
IT. TASTES SOMETHING
FROM A BOWL - SPITS
IT OUT)

SHOCKEYE: Insipid muck!

(VARL ENTERS)

VARL: Our leader is in descent
orbit.

SHOCKEYE: Our leader is Chessene o'
the Franzine Grig.

VARL: Marshal Stike commands the
Ninth Sontaran battle group!

SHOCKEYE: He doesn't command anything
here, Varl. Chessene planned
this operation.

VARL: You will see. We Sontarans
lead. We never follow.

(HE TURNS ON HIS
HEEL)

SHOCKEYE: Tell him to come in on
full mufflers. That's an order
from Chessene.

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TELECINE 6:

Ext. Forest Land. Day.

OSCAR BOTCHERBY, dressed for a safari, carries a large butterfly net and his killing box.

He is with ANITA, a pretty local girl. They come to a faded sign in Spanish.

OSCAR: What does that say, Anita?

ANITA: Keep Out.

OSCAR: Oh, well, perhaps we had better.

ANITA: It doesn't matter, Oscar. It's a very old sign.

OSCAR: Yes, but -

ANITA: No-one lives on the hacienda now. Only the Dona Arana.

OSCAR: The Dona Arana?

ANITA: An old lady. Don Vincente Arana's widow. She never leaves the house.

OSCAR: Where is the house?

ANITA: Behind those trees. In the old days, when my mother worked for the Don, it was like a palace. Now it is falling down.

OSCAR: When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced/
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age.

ANITA: This is the place. There always used to be hundreds of moths in this little wood.

OSCAR: Yes, it looks like splendid moth country. Of course, we're a little early. Moths are ladies of the night. Painted beauties sleeping all day and rising at sunset to whisper through the roseate dusk on gossamer wings of damask and silk.

ANITA: You really like them, don't you, Oscar?

OSCAR: I adore them.

ANITA: Then why do you kill them?

OSCAR: So that I can look at them.

He lights a lantern
and sets it down on
a tree stump.

ANITA: Isn't it a little early?

OSCAR: I like to be prepared.

ANITA: What's that for?

OSCAR: Moths to the flame,
my dear. Then I net them and
put them in my cyanide box.

ANITA: Cyanide? Isn't that
terribly dangerous?

OSCAR: Not if one is careful.
I've used cyanide since I was
a boy. It's quicker and
kinder to the little creatures
than ammonia.

ANITA: And what do you do
with the poor things when
they're dead?

OSCAR: I mount them in my
collection ...

He glances up at the
sky from which can be
heard a swelling rumble.

OSCAR: So that I can sit and
admire them.

ANITA: Don't you have a
television?

OSCAR: Get down!

They fling themselves
flat as something roars
low over the trees. The
noise fades. They sit up.

OSCAR: I thought it was going
to hit us.

ANITA: It landed over that way
somewhere. We ought to go and
see. Somebody might need help.

OSCAR: Oh, I do hope not! I
can't bear the sight of gory
entrails, except of course, on
the stage.

STIKE and DASTARI
are carrying the
unconscious DOCTOR,
(TROUGHTON), between
them.

They carry him into
the courtyard of the
hacienda.

ANOTHER ANGLE:

ANITA and OSCAR come
out of the trees on
the hillside above.
Looking down, they
see THE DOCTOR
being taken towards
the house.

ANITA: It must have crashed.

OSCAR: Please, Anita, don't
let's go any nearer. They
might be suffering from
hideous injuries.

ANITA: The Dona Arana won't
be able to help them. And
there's no telephone. We'll
have to see if we can help.

ON OSCAR: He isn't
pleased.

END TELECINE 6.

25. INT. INFRASTRUCTURE.

(PERI HAS TIRED OF
WATCHING THE DOCTOR
WHO IS STILL ENTANGLED
IN THE COILS OF TUBING.

SHE MOVES OFF AND
NOTICES, ON THE FLOOR
IN A CORNER, SOME
CURIOUS ODDMENTS IN A
LITTLE PILE. SOME
RAGS. SOME WIRE. A
METAL SCOOP. TWO
GNAWED BONES. A
STRANGE, EXOTIC FRUIT)

PERI: Doctor! Over here.

THE DOCTOR: (V.O.) What is
it?

PERI: I don't know. Come
and see.

(ON THE DOCTOR)

THE DOCTOR: In a minute.

(PERI KNEELS THE
BETTER TO EXAMINE
THE COLLECTION.

SOMETHING MOVES IN
THE DARKNESS BEHIND
HER.

ON THE DOCTOR)

There! I think that's just
about done it ... (cont ...)

(ON PERI: A
FIGURE SPRINGS
FROM THE SHADOWS
WITH A FEROCIOUS
SNARL, CLAWING
AT HER AND BEARING
HER DOWN.

PERI SCREAMS.

ON THE DOCTOR:
HE HEARS PERI'S
SCREAM AND TURNS
CARELESSLY)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Peri!

(HIS MOVEMENT SHATTERS
A GLASS SIDE-JET.
ACRID YELLOW GAS
SPURTS OUT. THE
DOCTOR CLUTCHES
HIS THROAT AND FALLS.

PERI IS FIGHTING
FOR HER LIFE IN THE
DARKNESS.

HER ATTACKER REMAINS
JUST A RAGGED, CLAWING
SHAPE)

PERI: Help, Doctor! Help
me ...

(ON THE DOCTOR,
HANGING LIMPLY
AMONG THE TANGLE
OF SERVICE DUCTS)

SUPOSE CAM

Closing
Titles:

FADE OUT